

MURDER RELICS IN BLACK MUSEUM

THE Black Museum of Scotland Yard has often been mentioned, but I doubt if many writers who have written about it have ever seen it. Every police organisation in the world has its own store-room of relics of crimes, but there is none that can compare to the "Black Museum" down on the Thames Embankment.

It is not labelled as a "museum." It is really a large room filled with all sorts of weapons and articles which have figured in the most notorious crimes committed in this country.

RECENTLY there was published in these pages a photograph of the bath in which Smith, of the "Brides in the Bath" case, drowned his final victim. That bath is in the Black Museum.

For myself I find a great fascination in a jeweller's wicker basket. It is a fair size, big enough indeed for a small man to lie in; and that was what a small man once did. He got into the basket and the basket was taken by a pal to a railway cloakroom and there deposited.

During the night, when the cloakroom was locked up, the little fellow got out of his basket, transferred the label number of his own basket to another jeweller's basket that was also on the racks. By picking the lock he let himself out and walked away.

Early next morning he presented the ticket he had taken off the second basket and it was handed over to him. He walked away with ten thousand pounds worth of jewellery! Rather smart, wasn't it?

A box in the room once contained the head and hands of a woman who had been dismembered by her killer. The box was discovered lying in a London Square.

There is also a trunk which lay in the luggage office of a London railway terminus for some days. Inside the trunk was another woman's decapitated body.

Here is the remnant of the pyjama jacket found by detec-

tives in the cellar of Dr. Hawley Harvey Crippen. The jacket was wrapped around the remains of his wife, Belle Elmore, for the murder of whom the doctor was hanged.

The birth certificate and correspondence are preserved of the Russian doctor who was believed to be the real Jack the Ripper. He was said to be insane.

There is a little toy lamp with a faded red wick on a shelf. The wick is a piece of cloth torn from the red petticoat of a woman. And it was from this slender clue that two smart detectives, Powell and Nutkins, traced the two desperate burglars who bludgeoned to death a rich old man in a house at Muswell Hill.

The woman whose petticoat served as the wick of the little lamp was innocent of any part in the crime; but it took some investigation to reveal her innocence.

The weapons of the Houndsditch gang, the leaders of which ultimately met their fate in a house at No. 100 Sydney Street, which story I have told, are also in the museum.

So is the revolver of Lal Dringha, the Indian student who assassinated Sir Curzon Whyllie. The automatic revolver that slew Sir Henry Wilson in Whitehall is there too.

When Patrick Mahon killed and cut up the body of his girl friend near Eastbourne he never dreamed that long after he was executed the handbag

in which he carried some of lethal weapons was used in one of the remains would be preserved. It is in the museum; and he might have got away with the crime but for a strange accident of Fate.

The knife of Thorne, who killed and cut up the body of the girl he didn't want to marry, at Crowborough, is on view. So is the poker that battered Phoebe Hogg to death

would not be noticed.

There is more than one ladder made of ordinary rope, but thin and strong. At the ends are grappling hooks and irons. Thrown up to a balcony the hooks caught and the burglar went up hand over hand as a sailor did in the old days of sailing ships.

In one corner are a few empty bottles. They contained at one time gelignite, which used to be the popular explosive for "blowing" safes.

In the profession this stuff went by the name of "soup."

There are acetylene cylinders, gauges, blowers, blowpipes, everything that was needed to open up safes or iron cupboards of all descriptions.

I heard a story of one burglar serving a term in prison who was appealed to once to use his craft to save a life. The owner of a big safe, or rather strong room, had accidentally got himself shut inside.

The police could not open the door. The makers of the strongroom could not be contacted, for it was the week-end and if the man in the safe was

not released he would have been dead by the Monday morning.

So the police remembered this expert cutter open of safes. They got him out of prison, ran him in a police car to the building, and showed him the job.

Burglar Bill gazed at the strong room door for a few minutes, tested the handle, laid his cheek against the "seams"; and then spat on his hands.

But he had a condition. No policeman was to be present. The condition was granted at once. Fifteen minutes later the door swung back and the man inside was released just in time. And Bill went back to prison; but he got a reward later.

The Black Museum does not contain only murderous relics. Ranged along one section is a great collection of inks of every description. These inks were all in court during famous forgery trials. As for bank-notes, there are many there too—all forgeries; and counterfeit coins, of gold and silver.

STUART MARTIN introduces the worst of them

and her little daughter too. It was a woman who wielded this poker—Eleanor Pearcey, and after the deed she pushed the two bodies across London, doubled up in a perambulator. There is the knife with which a ship's engineer was slain by the brothers Reubens in the East End of London in the year 1900. The brothers were hanged, and if you look at the knife today you will see, still on the long blade, the encrusted blood of the engineer.

Perry, the wholesale murderer, wiped out an entire family of husband, wife and three girls, also in the East End. He did it with an axe; and the axe is on view at the museum.

Here you may see some of the love letters that passed between Frederick Bywaters and Edith Thompson, the letters which brought them both to the scaffold for the death of Edith's husband.

There are similar grim relics around the room. There is one of the finest collections of knuckle-dusters, choppers, bludgeons, guns ever seen in one apartment. Every one of these

In one section is the finest set of burglary tools ever collected. I have seen there finely tempered steel brace-bits that are capable of drilling holes into the best steel ever forged. There is a steel brace-bit that bit through a solid iron door in half an hour and tore the backs off numerous safes as if the backs had been made of cardboard.

Modern burglars are not blunderers. They are craftsmen of high efficiency, and many of them are mechanics with profound knowledge of metals and tools.

Jemmies are there too, and so are wedges, crowbars, saws, some of them in corners, some placed carefully on green baize, some laid out on neat leather rolls, just as they were found by the police when they made the successful raids.

There is one item that always fascinates me. It is a silk ladder, made so fine that it could be, and was, wound round the waist of the burglar who owned it. It is so strong that few ropes could equal it, yet an ordinary man could wear it under his coat and it

QUIZ for today

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—
K. L. M. A. N. O. P. Q.

Answers to Quiz in No. 785

1. David Low is a famous scientist, film star, novelist, cartoonist?
2. Complete the pair: Clapham and —; Time and —.
3. Of what African country is Monrovia the Capital?
4. What rank in the Army corresponds with Vice-Admiral in the Navy?
5. On what subject would you consult "Wisden"?

1. Orology is the description of mountains; horology is the measurement of time.
2. Falmouth.
3. Neptune.
4. Lion.
5. Teak.
6. Left side, right side, top side, bottom side, inside, outside, front side, back side. (Sorry!)

Keeper of the Swans

AMONGST the various offices of the King's Household is the Keeper of the Swans, the office at the moment being held by Mr. F. T. Turk. The swan has for many centuries been a "royal bird."

As far back as the reign of Edward IV a law was passed by which no one other than the King was allowed to keep swans on the River Thames and in other parts of the country.

Swan owners were required to mark their birds, any unmarked birds being considered the property of the Crown. The swan was, in those days, a very highly esteemed form of poultry.

To-day the interest is more ornamental and sentimental. The custom of marking the swans continues. It is done by marks on the bills of the birds, technically known as nicks. The favourite inn sign "The Swan With Two Necks" should really be "The Swan with Two Nicks."

The Keeper of the Swans or his swan markers annually make a journey up the Thames on the last Monday in July, accompanied by the "Swan Warden" of the Vintner's Company of the City of London.

This company has a right to the ownership of a certain proportion of the swans on the Thames. On this journey a "census" of the swans is taken—there are many hundreds on the Thames.

One of the duties of the Keeper of the Swans is to see that the birds are protected and preserved and the Crown offers rewards to fishermen on the river who preserve the swans.

The annual expedition always starts at Southwark Bridge in the City, and proceeds up the river. At that time the young cygnets are then about two months old and can be counted.

The Keeper of the Swans is not to-day an over-worked official, but the continuance of the office and his work is a reminder of the days when possession of swans was a mark of wealth and power.

"These rugs are the finest obtainable. In material and workmanship they are far superior to all other brands on the market. There is absolutely nothing to touch them at the price."

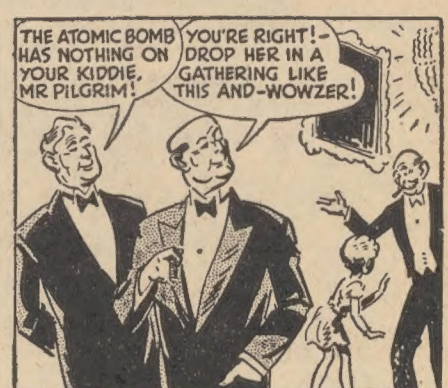
"What is the price?"

"Just a moment, madam, and I'll find out for you," said the salesman.

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 724

- 1. Behead a blemish and get everything.
- 2. Insert the same letter seven times and make sense of: Thetonemahedalltheglainthehop.
- 3. What kind of screen can be written in four capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The relief party — songs while firing the —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 723

- 1. S-light.
- 2. Percy punched Peter's paunch on purpose.
- 3. VAN.
- 4. Smug, gums.

JANE

THE DERELICT

(Continued from No. 785) Archie Buller rose to his feet and stretched his arms. He was captain? This man who was tall and well-made, a typical our chief of police tried to explain policeman in his largeness of limb something to me, but I would not and general manner.

"I don't think, captain, you'll take me to Auckland."

"Then and there, in the faces of the crowd of natives, I discharged him from his post."

"That was over a fortnight ago, and a new chief is to be appointed to-morrow at the Christmas festivities. The London police system failed."

There was a long silence. Urt felt like throwing himself at the man who had let his race down so badly, for he knew the rivalry among the island administrations, and this failure would resound beyond the Low Archipelago.

"You, Buller!" he snapped. "Will you clear out when the Margaret sails? I'll take you down to Auckland—"

"Well, I prefer to remain, but I won't go native. There's one thing I learned in the London police force. It was to let the other fellow talk himself out. You governor, have talked yourself out. I'll now present my case."

"What does this all mean?" demanded the governor.

"It means," said Buller grimly, "that in giving me my discharge in front of the people on the beach that night you did two things. In the first place you tied my hands when I was about to fetch Black

Gallien's boat back with him and because of what he told me that I didn't chase Gallien.

"In the second place you closed my mouth. I could have explained down there on the beach, but you gave me no chance."

"Let me ask you one question: What is it that you authorities are most afraid of, even more afraid of than Black Gallien? Isn't it plague and cholera?"

"It is; but what—"

"Wait. Now for you, captain? Would you have touched a derelict that had cholera aboard if you had known?"

"Never!" cried Urt. "You mean to say—"

"What I mean to say is this. The most loyal man I had in the police force here was Towlase. But he had the native idea of praying at Queen Pomare's tomb. He went up to ask for Black Gallien's capture. He got more than he asked for. I'm thinking of what Towlase told me that night he went off with Gallien. It was

"His last words to me were these: 'Tell the governor that Towlase will rid him of Black Gallien and his bad men. Tell him Towlase has cholera.'"

The governor rose to his feet, swayed a little, then held out his hand.

"My chief of police," he said with emotion. "Papeete is yours to command. Only a London policeman could have kept all this information to himself, instead of causing panic among the inhabitants. Ask what reparation from me you will."

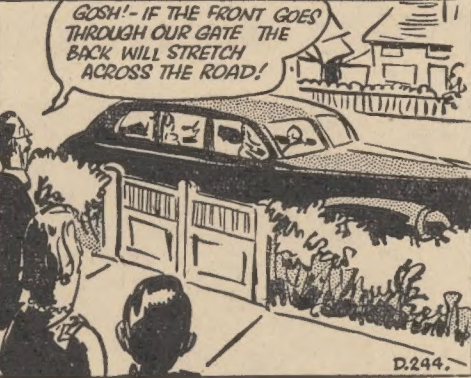
"The reparation I want," said Archie Buller, "is a public notice that my black squad are not to be interfered with by governors, and that Black Gallien was killed by the magic of the discipline which has made the London police the best in the world."

"It shall be my Christmas oration," replied the governor humbly.

THE END



RUGGLES

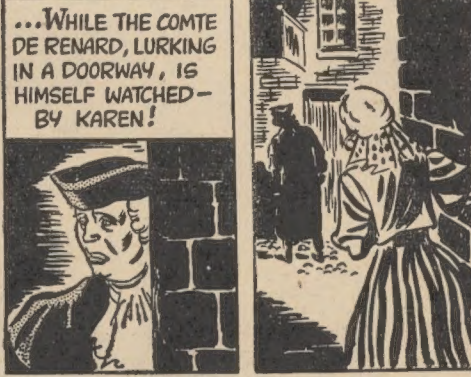
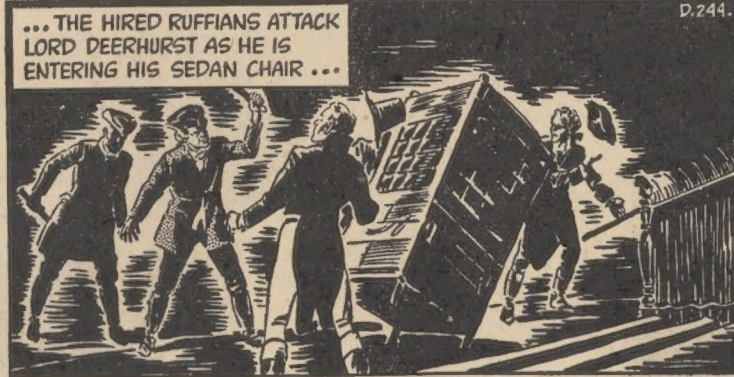


"Just an ordinary wave. It needn't be permanent, he's only in the R.N.V.R.!"

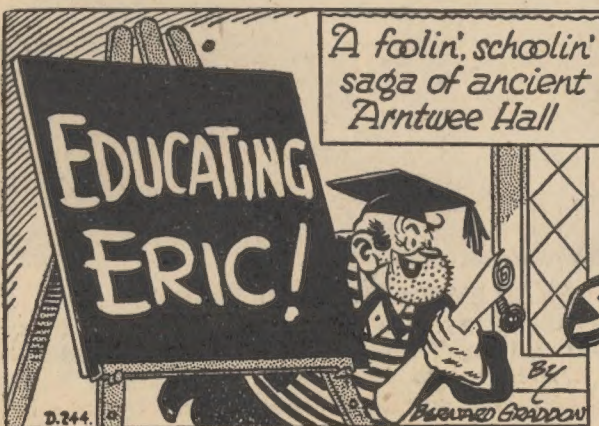
CROSS-WORD CORNER

PECK	BRAVE
UPHILL	RING
RIOT	ACACIA
SCREED	BEGS
EU	LEAL
RASPS	CEDAR
D	HEIR
ROAR	DECEIT
URBANE	HART
GNUS	ANIMAL
STEEL	DYNE

GARTH



JUST JAKE



- CLUES ACROSS.—1 Recolled. 6 South African. 10 Persuade. 11 Show. 12 Agitation. 14 Lake. 15 Female animal. 16 Deed. 18 Violin string material. 19 Stick. 21 Throng. 23 Of ears. 25 Undo. 27 Appropriate. 29 Bird. 30 Bird. 32 Restrain. 34 Tumult. 36 African villages. 37 Choir member. 38 Dispatch. 39 Bird.
- CLUES DOWN.—1 Skjnn along. 2 Glory. 3 Unusual. 4 Chopper. 5 Coasting vessel. 6 Piece. 7 Wild ass. 8 Cream coloured. 9 Hire-payment. 13 Joint of mutton. 17 Drinking vessel. 19 Corn beard. 20 Shrub. 21 Riffs. 22 Went faster than. 24 Fly. 26 Divert. 28 Simple. 30 Barrier charge. 31 Medium pace. 33 Inferior. 35 Spree.

Good Morning



IRISH CHARM.

The ancient, five-span structure of Shaw's Bridge cuts clean and sharp across this broad and pleasant stretch of the clear waters of Belfast, giving a flash-back picture of the true "Old Ireland." Nothing has changed here for hundreds of years, except the seasons.



COP - JOB.

There was a gale — trees blocked the road — motorists cussed and fretted. But not our County copper on the Wrexham-Chester highway. Without loosening a button and in true-blue style, he grabbed one end of the cross-cut, and sawed his way to the feeling of a good job well done. "Well done" is right. We raise our skull-caps, Officer.



ON THE NEST !

And hatching something very special, we wouldn't wonder, is pensive, alluring Gloria Grahame, who sent temperatures soaring in "Blonde Fever." Resting in the straw of the M.G.M. stables, Gloria seems to be waiting for a companion. Any volunteers !



IN THE SMITHY.

"I reckon it'll be a tough job — but call for it next week," says "Blackie" Goddard to worried Anne. The hands that have shod famous racehorses at Findon, Sussex, never let the kiddies down — and the multiple injuries of Anne's doll will yield to the gentle touch of the village strong-man.



SHIRLEY'S STILL OUR BABY !

Yes, she's changed quite a bit, and grown upwards and outwards, but Shirley Temple is just as sweet and lovable as ever. From three to seventeen, Shirley has held top rank in the celluloid world, making movie history in her baby-to-lady progress.